

ARTICLED

PEOPLE
INSTINCTIVE
TRAVELS
AND THE
PATHS OF
RHYTHM

Join With
Q-TIP • ALL • PHIFE And JAROB!

As
TRIBE & CALLED
TO QUEST

Rhythmically Journey
To With

"I LEFT MY WALLET
IN EL SEGUNDO"
"PUSH IT ALONG"
"BONITA APPLEBUM"

And
"FOOTPRINTS"

1333

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Push It Along"

[Verse 1: Q-Tip]

Q-Tip is my title.

I don't think that is vital for me to be your idol,
But dig this recital.

If you can't envision a brother who ain't dissin',
Slingin' this and that, 'cause this and that was missin'.
Instead, it's been injected, the Tribe has been perfected.
Oh yes, it's been selected, the art makes it protected.

Afrocentric livin', Africans be givin'

A lot to the cause 'cause the cause has been risen.
Some brothers, they be flammin', thinkin' we ain't slammin',
Comin' off like the days where we used to wear the tans and

A blue-collared talker, a hemisphere stalker,

A glass of O.J and a ten mile walk-a.

If you're in a Jeep and you dig what you're hearin',

Can I get a beep and a side order of cheerin'?

I am what I am, that's a tribal man.

We all know the colours, we all must stand.

As we start our travels, things they will unravel.

"Que sera sera", for this unit is like gravel.

Won't be gone for long, listen to the song.

If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

[Chorus:]

Push it along, push it along.

Push it along, yeah, push it along. *[x4]*

[Verse 2: Pheife, Q-Tip]

Put one up for the Pheife, it's time to decipher.

The ills of the world make the situation lighter.

The clock is always tickin', the systems should be kickin'.

Like *[?]* ham and eggs, I eat chicken, chicken, chicken.

Should I release the lever, the lever of the clever,

Embellish on the funk as we start to endeavour?

The wraughts of the rap filling up the gap

With the smash of a hand and a little toe tap.

The boom, the bip, the boom bip

Indicates to the brothers that we be on the flip tip.

Phonies start to crumble, funky rhythm rumbles

Through the dance-hall, but my anthem is humble.

It's the nitty-gritty, my time is itty-bitty,

So I kick the slash for the gipper and the witty.

This ain't trial and error, more like tribe and error,

Constantly rude as some sort of tribal terror.

The street can't depart from the bloody heart.

Repair the wear and tear, don't start 'fore it starts.

Won't be gone for long, listen to the song.
If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Q-Tip]

Marchin' off the project, we hope that you will subject.
It's good to be an object and never, ever reject.
The tribe who meanders with drunken propoganda,
Keep it in boom and never will we slander.
[?] should be handed, don't let me demand it.
Money gives a nudge to the poet star bandit.
Control it, then recluse it, follow, you won't lose it.
Mysterious is the tribe for we choose it.
Although she's flippin' crazy, give my love to Gracy.
God, could you help 'cause this Quest is crazy spacey?
The pigs are wearin' blue, and in a year or two,
We'll be goin' up the creek in a great big canoe.
What we gonna do, save me and my brothers?
Hop inside the bed and pull over the covers.
Never will we do that and we ain't tryin' to rule that.
We just want a slab of the ham, don't you know, black?
This society of fake reality
Are nothin' but a peg of informality.
While I sing my song, sing it all day long,
If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Luck of Lucien"

[Verse 1: Q-Tip]

Brother, brother, brother, Lucien, you're like no other.
Listen very close 'cause I don't like to boast.
Instead, I'll tell the tale of a French who prevailed
Through the Mr. Crazy Rabbits who were always on his tail.
[?] on sale, your rumour starts to wail.
Get caught with stolen goods and you will go to jail.
If you go to jail, then who will pay the bail?
They'll put you back to France on a ship with a sail.
Escargot, Lucien, you eat snails.
(Hey yo Tip, what's wrong with snails?)
From the Zulu nation, from a town called Paris,
Came to America to find liberty.
Instead of finding pleasure, all you found was misery,
But listen, Lucien, you have a friend in me.
Oh, luck luck will drive you butt baddy.
Next time you get some wheels, make it a Caddy.
In terms of doing good, I know you wish you really could,
But listen, brother man, I really think you can.
Succeed with the breed of the brothers on your back.
It's the creme de la creme, and you can bounce with that.
It'll take a minute, rice, so take my advice.
Trust in us, and thus you trust in your life.
Lucine, Lucien, Lucien, Lucien.
You should know!

[Verse 2: Q-Tip]

Are you ready, Lu?
This one is for you,
Comin' from a true-blue, fits like a shoe.
Como esta usted or como talle vu?
Lucien, I'll leave it up to you.
Voulez vous (vous).
Endez vous (vous).
Coo-coo (coo).
Les poo-poo (poo)
Watch that lass, gonna backlash fast.
Can you get a grip on the crackhead dip?
Sold you a paper bag, guess he saw you comin',
VCR from a neck-bone bummin',
\$10 brother, he was hummin' and strummin',
Only had 20, he was livin' like ya slummin',
Gave him the money, well, I thought that was somethin',
Lookin' like a kid who was lost in crumbin'.
Don't worry about a thing, I won't get specific.
This is a song that is long and prolific.
Think of the stuff that I said if you can.

Figure it out, compute, understnad.
No problemo, I'll help you with your demo
If you go to the store for me.
Lucien, I'm just kiddin'.
You should know!

[Verse 3: Q-Tip]

You gotta get a grip on the missions you'll be takin',
Not so much the mission, but you got crazy ignition.
Sure, the sugar-babies wanna give you a chance
With the French "savoir faire" and the sexy dance,
But is she really fly, or is she a guy?
I won't ask why, 'cause I know that you try.
You try too hard, is that the answer to the riddle?
Instead of doin' so much, why don't you do just a little?
Boy, what a cad, I guess we shouldn't treat him bad.
In fact, it would be nice if we understood him like
A case of positionin' the feet in the shoes,
Sympathetic reason in the case of the blues.
Lucien is blue, even though he's really brown.
I had to make the sound, his life is too profound.
On the up-and-up, he's somethin' like a little pup,
Young and naive, it's hard to believe.
As long as you're strong, you can quest with the questers,
Jolly like a jumping bean or a jester.
Lucien, Lucien, Lucien, Lucien.
You should know!

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"After Hours"

[Chorus:]

After Hours it was cool [x8]

[Q-Tip:]

Ten after one I think I'll hop the horse
Downtown late of three of course
Just came from fishing couldn't get a catch
Downtown they'll probably have a batch
A whitened sandwich and a Guinness stout
But with the bail though I had a bout
So I exchanged it for some apple juice
I had the blues but I shook them loose
A jeep is blasting from the urban streets
Loots of funk over hardcore beats
The moon dabbles in the morning sky
As the minutes just creep on by
I get a thought and hear comes my Tribe
Ritual shakes and in good vibes
Like always the Quest begins
In the mist though but the rhyth's move in
We find a spot and we sit and chat
Speaking on the status quo of rap
A derelick makes a real long speach
We pay attention to the words he read
When he was done we rattled on
There was no lunch because it wasn't dawn
We pointed things out about this times
The worlds famons and the crazy crimes
Inflation of the nation, it bothers me
I better go gold, to pay the taxes
Gotta be swift society
The man whose made is the man who maxes
The grounds for living are being discussed
As we go it gets close to dusk
Gather thoughts and savor breath
Cause there's only a few hours left

[Chorus:]

After Hours it was cool [x8]

[Q-Tip:]

Me ohh my, hey-hey, hey-hey
The human hours are here to stay
This is how it seems [?] my witness
Bug out all night, ask Phife, he's with this
Girls be screaming on this conversation
I have my two cents for a revelation

And my watch continuously tic-tocs
Shaheed will bring up the beats that rocks
I hear the frogs and the smashing of bottles
A car revs up and I hear it trottle
It probably moves with the morning wind
Ohh my God, here's Phife again
[?] talking about last nights game
Trying to remember someone's name
So hear the frogs dancing in the streets
Once again Ali will bring up the beat
Like this

[Sounds of frogs]

[Q-Tip:]

The beat is over and so is the night
The sun is risen and the shine is bright
We all say peace and go our separate ways
Youth is fading as we gain our days
Expedition for the song is simp'
The hours creep, excuse me, I mean limp
As we go you hear a gasp of laugh
As we start up our rhythmic path
Like this

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Footprints"

[Q-Tip]

As we start trudgin, me and my brothers we be lookin and be buggin
Vehicles of life they be rollin and be mergin
Searchin for the virgins of life
that be shovin out the door that's crack
The valleys of time, are always on my feet
As least the beat will combine
The calluses and corns with the funky bassline
You don't need underdog for a nickel shoeshine or the shoes that's phat
Well can I get a level on the bass and on the treble
Footin up and down like a UNLV Rebel
The answer be amongst us cos we rarely dig acoustics
Can't be too much flackin, not too much packin
You must container that at least to dip your hand in rap
Your feet will be infectious so at least realise the fact
The rhythms are inserted and the nurse can be converted
This ain't rock 'n' roll cos the rap is in control
If you're a megastar, worth will buy you a car
I'd rather go barefootin, for prints I will be puttin
all over the earth if we can get there first
Now that we are in it, footprints are bein printed
So fi you recognise em, you can try to size em
They'll probably be the ones with the size not fryin
all over reveal, you won't have to yield
If you want protection you can hide behind the shield

[Q-Tip]

You can game on the gallons if you really need to rock
But we walk while we talk as we stompin through the block
Hand in hand 'cross the land as Muhammad cross the fade
It's a Tribe who meanders, precious like a jade
It's a art, Theo arch rhymes the ground placed upon
The mind will unwind, it will soft to beyond
Catch the track, track by track, get a map to track a trail
You will find yourself behind for a map does not prevail
See the levels peakin as the rhythms keep-a screechin
A Quest, oh yes a Quest, inside the jam I will keep preachin
the point, oh yes the point, because it's close but yet so far
The loudiness is ringin as we scoot across the star
We are bulgin, I'm indulgin in a rat-a-tat-tat
Explanation for the liners that the rhythm is phat
Keep it wild, wide and deep, you could dig it in a jeep
But dig it in the ground because the foot print now

[Q-Tip]

If there's a storm that's brewin, it won't keep us from doin
our thing as we start swingin, travellin is bringin

joy inside the domes as we hit the road to roam/Rome
A chair is not a chair, a house is not a home
Because my skin is brown, yo I'm gonna do the town
Rub it in the face and rub my feet all through the place
When you get your finger on the music it'll linger
Sing a song o' sixpence, sing it like a singer
A Nubian, a Nubian, a proud one at that
Remember me, the brother who said "Black is black"
You can come by request, I don't play, I don't dress
Get emotions off your chest, we are black, we the best
Makin moves, makin motions, flowin like an ocean
The walkin will continue, we know that we will bring you
the times that you have waited, more anticipated
Be gone but not for long because the feet will stay strong

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"I Left My Wallet in El Segundo"

My mother went away for a month-long trip
Her and some friends on an ocean-liner ship
She made a big mistake by leaving me home
I had to roam so I picked up the phone
Dialed Ali up to see what was going down
Told him I pick him up so we could drive around
Took the Dodge Dart, a '74
My mother left a yard but I needed one more
Shaheed had me covered with a hundred greenbacks
So we left Brooklyn and we made big tracks
drove down the Belt, got on the Conduit
Came to a toll, we paid and went through it
Had no destination, we was on a quest
Ali laid in the back so he could get rest
Drove down the road for two-days-and-a-half
The sun had just risen on a dusty path
Just then a figure had caught my eye
A man with a sombrero who was four feet high
I pulled over to ask were we was at
His index finger he tipped up his hat
"El Segundo," he said, "my name is Pedro
If you need directions, I'll tell you pronto"
Needed civilization, some sort of reservation
He said a mile south, there's a fast food station
Thanks, senor, as I start up the motor
Ali said, "Damn, Tip, why you drive so far for?"

(Well describe to me what the wallet looks like)

Anyway a gas station we passed
We got gas and went on to get grub
It was a nice little pub in the middle of nowhere
Anywhere would have been better
I ordered enchiladas and I ate 'em
Ali had the fruit punch
When we finished we thought for ways to get back
I had a hunch
Ali said, "Pay for lunch"
So I did it
Pulled out the wallet and I saw this wicked beautiful lady
She was a waitress there
Put the wallet down and stared and stared
To put me back into reality, here's Shaheed:
"Yo, Tip, man, you got what you need?"
I checked for keys and started to step
What do you know, my wallet I forget

Yo, it was a brown wallet, it had props numbers
Had my jimmy hats I got to get it man

Lord, have mercy
The heat got hotter, Ali stars to curse me
I fell bad but he makes me feel badder
Chit-chit-chatter, car stars to scatter
Breaking on out, we was Northeast bound
Jettin' on down at the seepd of sound
Three days coming and three more going
We get back and there was no slack
490 Madison, we're here, Sha
He said, "All right, Tip, see you tomorrow"
Thinking about the past week, the last week
Hands go in my pocket, I can't speak
Hopped in the car and torpe'ed to the shack
Of Shaheed, "We gotta go back" when he said
"Why?" I said, "We gotta go
'Cause I left my wallet in El Segundo"

Yeah, I left my wallet in El Segundo
Left my wallet in El Segundo
Left my wallet in El Segundo
I gotta get, I got-got ta get it

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Pubic Enemy"

[Red Alert:]

Check this out, Cool DJ Red Alert

With my man, Q-Tip

[Q-Tip:]

In the morning, woke up from sexual pleasures

Looked at her sexual partner

Who acquainted her acquaintance

Five hours ago at a disco

She went lower than low, into limbo

A thought crossed the mind, her, a bimbo

She answered no, so she had to go...on with the program

Creedence, it seems that I've forgotten your name

But it seems that she's done the same

And now something has happened

Suddenly, she's been distracted

By something that has been attracted

She poked and poked and smacked at it

Then she broke down and she scratched it

Now, I think you understand

Clinic, saw the doctor flex his biceps

Then he picked up a pair of forceps

Her pretty face showed fright

Right then and there, she fainted

A really grim picture is painted

The brotha who she acquainted

Was the enemy, scary ain't it?

The Pubic Enemy

[Red Alert:]

Yeeeeeeaaaaahhhhhh!!!

Let me tell you more about pubic enemy

Ay, Q-Tip

[Q-Tip:]

Old King Cole was a merry old soul

Had a lady queen, married since 18

He protested, that he was infested

Get lots of love and he couldn't digest it

All propaganda, one big fat lie

Cuz I see the king with my very own eye

Schemed and schemed like a crack fiend king

And poppin up on the teammates scene

And poppin and pimpin on hunnies with moneys

Whole situation to me, was kinda funny

He hold the crown but not the jimmy hat

Now he wears a frown and the jimmy hates that

So the fair maiden in the royal bedroom
Caught the king scratchin, so she had to assume
That he got vicked by the enemy's trick
The thought of cheatin made the maiden so sick
That she screamed and screamed, went on and kept screamin
Threw a pot and his dome was beamin
You could hear him yellin in the motherland
"Baby, baby please. Baby, understand."
She ignored and walked through the gate
The king is in the kingdom to await his fate...of the enemy
The Pubic Enemy

[Q-Tip and Red Alert:]

Propmaster(yeah) Please listen to me(what?)
Something lurkin by the JimBrowski
(Who? Jenny?)
No, not propulated
A horrible creature that must be penetrated
He gets all into ya, then he tries to do ya
You better run fast, he's gonna pursue the...
(What? Yo listen here. Propmaster whiz, no one fears...)
Oh, the caves know, just thought I'd let ya know
How he lives and how he go
Watch yourself when you're out on the run
The enemy is missed, we'll have too much fun
There's four friends of mine that thought they were bad
And laid up this girl, so now, they're sad
They scratched and scratched like it was Saturday and...

[Red Alert:]

Listen here. This is Cool DJ Red Alert
Known as the true, the only, the very one, the Propmaster
There's only one thing I gotta tell ya
There's a whole lotta propmasters out there. You know what I mean
Shaheed a propmaster, Q-Tip a propmaster
The Jungle Brothers a propmaster, BDP a propmaster
45 King a propmaster
I won't tell you nuthin bout the ladies, they ain't no propmaster
But you know who's the main propmaster
MEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Bonita Applebum"

[Intro: Q-Tip]

Do I love you?
Do I lust for you?
Am I a sinner cuz I do the two?
Could you let me know
Right now, please
Bonita Applebum

[Chorus:]

Bonita Applebum, you gotta put me on *[x4]*

[Q-Tip:]

[pause between every verse]

Hey Bonita, glad to meet ya
For the kind of stunning newness, I must have foreseen ya
Hey, being with you is a top priority
Ain't no need to question the authority
Chairman of the board, the chief of affections
You got mine's to swing in your direction
Hey, you're like a hip hop song, you know?
Bonita Applebum, you gotta put me on

[Chorus]

38-24-37 (uh, uh, uh!)
You and me, hun, we're a match made in heaven
I like to kiss ya where some brothas won't
I like to tell ya things some brothas don't
If only you could see through your elaborate eyes
Only you and me, hun, the love never dies
Satisfaction, I have the right tactics
And if you need 'em, I got crazy prophylactics
So far, I hope you like rap songs
Bonita Applebum, you gotta put me on

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Can I Kick It?"

[Q-Tip]

Can I kick it? (Yes, you can!) [7X]

Well, I'm gone (Go on then!)

Can I kick it? To all the people who can Quest like A Tribe does
Before this, did you really know what live was?
Comprehend to the track, for it's why cuz
Gettin measures on the tip of the vibers
Rock and roll to the beat of the funk fuzz
Wipe your feet really good on the rhythm rug
If you feel the urge to freak, do the jitterbug
Come and spread your arms if you really need a hug
Afrocentric living is a big shrug
A life filled with *HORN* that's what I love
A lower plateau is what we're above
If you diss us, we won't even think of
Will Nipper the doggy give a big shove?
This rhythm really fits like a snug glove
Like a box of positives is a plus, love
As the Tribe flies high like a dove

[Phife Dawg]

Can I kick it? (Yes, you can!) [7X]

Well, I'm gone (Go on then!)

Can I kick it? To my Tribe that flows in layers
Right now, Phife is a poem sayer
At times, I'm a studio conveyor
Mr. Dinkins, would you please be my mayor?
You'll be doing us a really big favor
Boy this track really has a lot of flavor
When it comes to rhythms, Quest is your savior
Follow us for the funky behavior
Make a note on the rhythm we gave ya
Feel free, drop your pants, check your ha-ir
Do you like the garments that we wear?
I instruct you to be the obeyer
A rhythm recipe that you'll savor
Doesn't matter if you're minor or major
Yes, the Tribe of the game, rhythm player
As you inhale like a breath of fresh air

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Youthful Expression"

[Q-Tip:]

The taste of nuthin, this does somethin
Moms that knows that, says I'm frontin
Call me Smiley, cuz I'm wiley
Livin life like the life of Riley
Smokin blunts with a boy named Bud
We cough up your lungs, cough up your cud
Put out fires, with a 40, ounce of water
You know you oughta
Dance to this, your girl you kiss
I like fried foods, especially fish
Afrocentric, I'm electric
Socialistic and eccentric
Body's healthy, mind is wealthy
Thoughts, they flow, that will prepare me
To be a Native, get creative
Original and designative
Listen to the line that's playin
Listen hard to what Q's sayin
Politicians are magicians
Make your vote, they hope your wishin
Ambiguous words, senseless verbs
They all amount to crap that's heard
Violent hip hop, money flip flops
Promoters won't book, but it still rocks
I'm a Zulu, yes, a true blue
Red Alert is with the poo-poo
Ozone layer, loses flava
Here's the edge that you will savor

[Jarobi:]

The economy...politics...police...everything
Except for the youth
But the youth about to come back

[Q-Tip(voice distorted):]

Alright, here they come
Uh oh, uh oh, uh!

[Q-Tip:]

With expressions and I'm guessin
19 years is a youthful lesson
Fallin skies babe, open eyes babe
Can't you see what lays inside babe
Makin mentions on this tension
Rhythmic lovin, my profession
Hips, they gyrate, scripts I narrate

No banana, I ain't a primate
Ain't no soul glo, just an afro
The head is bred to let the thoughts grow
Quest together, to lands of never
Sleet and snow and storms can't sever
Tribe is growin, never know when
For this time, six necks may show in
Dialogues have been accepted
Negatives have been rejected
That's the music, negro music
Is here for all, so you must choose it
Phonies fondle, watch it throttle
3-6-5 straight out the bottle
Bustin caps, finger snaps
I prefer the second for ghetto tracks
Phife, Jarobi, Ali told me
Get the force like Wan Kenobi
Force his teachin, beats are screechin
Poly plateaus, we aim for reachin
Tribalization, freaks the nation
A mass of peers in celebration
Hopes been real high, since the knee high
Days of youth, feelin good and real spry
Avid combos, hear those bongos
Boom cacka boom, that's how they go
We ain't nomads, but we real glad
Hip hop slams through the nineties, no fad
As a rhythm, have been given
Hurry up, become, we breakin out, out

[Shaheed:]

With a rhythmic instinct to be able to travel
Beyond existing forces of life
Basically, that Tribal
And if you wanna get the rhythm
Then you have to join a Tribe
Word, peac

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Rhythm (Devoted to the Art of Moving Butts)"

[Shaheed:]

It's a new decade
The Native Tongues are about to proceed with the usual lingo
The usual rhythm

[Q-Tip:]

Devoted to...the art of moving butts
The rhythm's happenin, and it's movin up
The Tribe has been on hold for much too long
Don't fear the rhythm because it's strong
On the corners, brothas bop their heads
>From the high-tops to the knotty dreads
I'm a nubian y'all, look what we did
Took the crust away from the third eye lid
Now, it's kinda open, longs to see the site
Rhythms of the Tribe which is passed out right
Night after night, day after day
Questin for the rhythms of the Native Tongue lay
Rhythm is the key as we open up the door
Things a B-boy has never seen before
Polyrhythmic with a big fat boom
You have an eargasm as you start to consume
The ghetto beat with a ghetto poem
Yeah, it's from the heart, cuz it's from the home
Jarobi, Phife, Ali Shaheed
Call me Koala, got what you need
You're a disc jock, then jock this
Rhythms can't lose, rhythms can't miss
If you feel uptight and you need to freak
It'll be alright once we drop this beat

[chorus:]

I got the rhythm, you got the rhythm [8X]

[Q-Tip:]

Ma ma sa ah, ma ma coo sa
Gets hectic, freak a bourgeois
We Quest around for the musical hard
On the avenues, streets and boulevard
Not sellin out, that's a negative
Lovin hip hop, lovin heritage
Got the instinct to travel miles and miles
Gotta whole lot of room for piles and piles
Now, you're kinda with it, wanna get the funk
>From the Zulu Nation, toppin all the junk
Standin on the top like the Temptations said
Rhythms are obese, yeah, you gotta keep 'em fed

Read what I read, can't be better said
Tribalic motions dabble in the head
Sweetback's bad, not as bad a beat
It's a "stone groove baby"
Continue, on the windy road
But, I'm luggin, a crazy big load
Will we be on point for the ninety deck
Is it muscle bound and will it flex?
But trudgin, we are used to
You don't Quest alone, Quest with a crew
We're four, once more, must make the tracks
You see four fronts, but now you see four backs

[chorus until end]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Mr. Muhammad"

[Q-Tip]

Dip dip dive, to the socialised
Issued rhythms that are on the rise
Step right up, with an opened circuit
Get this current, don't you know it's worth it
Presented with, Tribe's intricity
Compared, don't you know? Vibe electricity
Strong like a bomb, quick like a comet
Can I get whatever from Mr. Muhammad?

[Ali scratches interlude]

[Q-Tip]

If Muhammad has the breaks, who will have the backs?
[whispered] Bodies set it up all flow to rhythm stack
Okay I see my brother (huh), you know what we can do (what?)
Cruise with the rhythms (hah), Shaheed will lead us too (yeah)
Posin with the hotties (huh), harder than the hard (hard)
Still Muhammad plays with a full deck of cards (card)
The Tribe's stuff is present (yeah), established with the beat (beat)
We roll around on wheels (huh) or utilise the feet (feet)
Go and keep progressin (huh), egos of the Tribe (Tribe)
If we have to swing it (uhh) we won't take a dive (dive)
Comprende my compadre? (Yeah) Kid you want some more? (Yeah)
Muhammad push the button (huh), sample sing the score (ho)

Brothers try to pose, up with the Tribesmen
Rhythm on your toes, yes it's the funk again
Appreciate the flow, denounce the circuit breakers
Do it with the best, the movers and the shakers
Bustin out your heap, ??? my vehicle
Burnin up the felts, rhythm's up to me
It will be strong like a bomb, quick like a comet
Can I get a whatever from Mr. Muhammad?

[Ali scratches interlude]

[Phife]

Sitting on the dock (huh), fin' to make a wish (word)
Muhammad oh Muhammad (huh), damn you're quite a dish (dish)
Fondeling the groove (groove), with the mystic sense (sense)
Honeys won't you try (huh), they push you in the tents (tents)
But I don't give a damn (word), rhythms make you swing (huh)
If you don't like it (no), you can pucker up (hoo)
You listenin Mr. Quayle (yeah), if you're hiding just give up (hoo)
I'm a rhythm monster (wild), who's out on a prowl (yeah)
Muhammad gives a hoot (hoot) like Woodsy the Owl (yeah)

Comprende my compadre (uh huh)? Kid you want some more (word)?

Muhammad push the button, sample sing the score (ooh)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Ham n' Eggs"

[chorus:]

I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
A yo, Phife do you eat em? No, Tip do you eat em?
Uh huh, not at all(again)
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Jarobi, do you eat em? Nope, Shah, do you eat em? (Nope)
Not at all

[Q-Tip and Phife trading lines:]

A tisket, a tasket, what's in mama's basket?
Some veggie links and some fish that stinks
Why, just the other day, I went to Grandma's house
Smelled like she conjured up a mouse
Eggs was fryin, ham was smellin
In ten minutes, she started yellin (come and get it)
And the gettin's were good
I said, I shouldn't eat, she said, I think you should
But I can't, I'm plagued by vegetarians
No cats and dogs, I'm not a veterinarian
Strictly collard greens and a occasional steak
Goes on my plate
Asparagus tips look yummy, yummy, yummy
Candied yams inside my tummy
A collage of good eats, some snacks or nice treats
Apple sauce and some nice red beets
This is what we snack on when we're Questin'
[both:] No second guessin

[chorus:]

[Q-Tip: bridge]

[Phife:]

Now drop the beat, so I can talk about my favorite tastings
The food that is the everlasting, see I'm not fasting
I'm gobbling, like a dog on turkey
Beef jerky, slim jims, I eat sometimes
I like lemons and limes
And if not that, take it the road see and the salad sopped
Sit back, relax, listen to some hip hop

[Q-Tip:]

Gum drops and gummy bears tease my eyes
A sight for sore ones and some bore pies
And other goodies that are filled with goop
With fried apple roots
Delectable delights, control my appetites
Mine is for me, right, but I know what I like

Chicken for lunch, chicken for my dinner
Chicken, chicken, chicken, I'm a finger lickin winner
When breakfast time comes, I don't recognize
Pig in the pan or a pair of bogey chides
Mixed with stewed tomatoes, home fried potatoes
Or anything with flair, cook it, I'm in there
Pay attention to the Tribe as we impose
This is how it goes

I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
A yo, Phife do you eat em? Nah, Tip do you eat em?
Uh huh, not at all(come again, y'all)
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Jarobi, do you eat em? Nope, Shah, do you eat em?
Nope, not at all
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Afrika do you eat em? No, Pos, do you eat em?
Hell yeah, all the time
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Phife, do you eat em? Nah, Tip, do you eat em?
Uh huh, not at all
Jarobi, do you eat em? Nope, Shah, do you eat em?
Nope, not at all
I don't eat no ham n' eggs, cuz they're high in cholesterol
Afrika, do you eat em? No, Gary, do you eat em?
Yeah, all the time *[laughing]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Go Ahead in the Rain"

[Jimi Hendrix: Rain all day][2X]

[Q-Tip: Don't you worry]

[Q-Tip:]

All I wanna do is get down y'all
Have a ball y'all and freak freak y'all
Lifeless ventures ain't new boo
So don't boo hoo, yeah, you too
Gotta get a grip like culture
Swoop down, swoop down like a vulture
The rhythms will lurk into people
All funk ain't created equal
Lookin for the beat to rupture
Like the rapture, gotta capture
Don't let the storm of life scare ya
Get funky, let me prepare ya
For the days of grimness and oppression
A yo bro, here's your lesson
Even though the rain starts pourin
Start reachin, start soarin
Don't stop, if you do, you're stallin
Rhythm savior, hear ya callin
Instrumental to be freaky
Go ahead in the rain and you'll see

[Q-Tip:]

Can't we make you see
I mean, the fact that is the key, I mean
Devoted to the art of movin butts, so get on up and...
Think about what's yours
I mean your culture and your laws
I mean, I label you a sucka
If you're dumber, just stay dumber, but...
Stay in line and keep groovin
If it's movin, if it's soothin
Don't let a little thing like rain keep you unda
Or the fun-da, look at wonda
Stomp til your soul is lifted
Get with it, rhythm's with it
Get inside the groove and get nasty
Funky nasty, crazy classy
Money is a first on the list here
It's the good time, it's the good cheer
If you got the ride then ride it
Don't hide it, provide it
Drop, drop, drop down the pants, shake your fanny
Cuz it's handy, not an Annie

Rock to the roll with the hair down
Get the lowdown, rhythm showdown
The simple explanation is nada
Make it hotter, thanks, de nada
If you wanna hear what I'm sayin
Clean your ears and just come on and groove

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Description Of A Fool"

[q-tip]

fool - defined in webster's
open up the book, read it read it
turn the page, see what it says
read it to me will you please

(one who acts dope ???
so what does it mean to me?)
that's you (how's that?) cos of the way you act (huhhh?!?!)
standin on the corner sellin girbauds (what you talkin bout?)
scalin your friends and also your foes
what's the matter wit'cha boy? (ain't nuttin wrong with me, mother...)
you big galoot (huh?), you nincompoop (what?)
what's wrong wit you? you can't compute (yes sure i can compute)
don't fix your lips to tell me you can
standin on the poley playin pusher man
what you got to do with yourself? (oh what?)
can't you be somebody else? (no)
look at you described to a tee (huh)
you're a fool of many in society
i know some more, i shall go on
and continue in the song, fooled the fool

[scratched by ali shaheed] "fool"

(man i don't know what you're talkin bout callin me a fool
i've been out here for twentysome odd years
doin my thing, i ain't no fool man
you crazy or something?
i'm gonna stick this, right up your...)

[q-tip]

the girl i talked to she's sort of neurotic (yeah)
her crazy ex-boyfriend is really psychotic (uh-huh)
scares the girl by threatenin her life (word)
says "girl, you're dead if you're not my wife" (oh man)
beats in her public, beats her in private (yes)
tried it 'round me, "almost" won't buy it (what you mean?)
said "forget him, don't you know he's a loser"
who would love a woman turn around and abuse her (ohh)
only a fool as described by the tribe
here's another one who's on the fool vibe (okay)
gonna make it short, gonna make it quick (why?)
for this situation makes me sick (ohh)
see your brother man, with the female (yeah)
he's crazy ego tryed to show he'll prevail (aha)
in any situation lady luck's on his side (word)
emotions run free, nothing he will hide

why i remember one sunny day (yeah)
took my cousin to the park so we can play (yeah, park)
on the way, a couple resembled
the one i just described, everything assembled
another young man walked in their direction (yeah)
bumped him a bit, excused his imperfection (mmm hmm)
but the man with the lady grabbed the other by the neck (umm hmm)
demanded an apology and also respect (uh-huh uh-huh)
the young man aggravated grabbed him back and smacked him
the girl just laughed and laughed and laughed at him (oh man!)
he felt ashamed for what he had done
it looked like a fool to everyone (oh!)
these are three stories from the naked city (yeah)
reality, is sometimes a ditty (yeah uh huh)
like grodzilla from the twilight zone
earth to your brain - is anyone home? (what you talkin bout?)
i see ya there, tryin to make amends
try to make some friends, but now my story ends (oh man!)
on the note, that i just wrote
stay afloat on the reality boat (oh)
slow down and think and take it cool
and try to avoid the description of a...